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### Choice Loetry.

SONG OF THE FLAIL BY J. T. THOWHEIDGE. In the Autimin, when the hollows
All are filled with flying leaves,
And the colonies of swallows
(Ant the quaintly stuccood caves,
And a silver mantle glistens
Over all the misty vale.
Six the little wife and listens
To the beating of the field,
To the pounding of the field,
by her cradie site and listens
Te the flapping of the field.

The bright Summer days are over,
And her eye no longer sees
The red bloom upon the glover,
Thodece green import the trees;
Hushed the sonce of finels and roblin,
With the whistle of the qualit.
But she loars the mellow throbbing
Of the thunder of the finil.
The low thunder of the finil
Through the number air the throbbing
And reverberating finil.

In the barn, the stout young thresher
Stooping stands, with rolled-up alceves,
Besting out his golden treasure
From the rope and runtling sheaves;
(h' was ever knight in armorWarrier all in shining mullHall so handsome as her farmer,
As he pilos the flying flail,
As he wields the inshing fault?
The hare-threated, herown young farmer,
As he swings the counting flail.

All the hopes that saw the sowing. All the hopes that saw the sowing.
All the sweet desire of gain,
All the joy that watched the growing
And the solitoning of the grain,
And the love that went to woo her,
And the taith that shall not fall—
All are speaking softly to her
In the poljets of the finit,
of the poljetating finit—
Past and future whisper to her
In the mustic of (1, fail)

An its crib their babe is sleeping.
And the amashine from the door
All the afternoon is creeping
Slowly round upon the floor;
And the shadow acon will darken,
And the daylight soon must pale.
When the write no more shall hearken
To the tramping of the flail.
When her heart no more shall hearken
To the facting of the flail.

And the babe shall grow and atrengthen, lie a maiden, be a wrife, While the moving shallows lengthen Round the dial of their life; Theirs the trust of friend and neighbor, Iners the trust of Frest and neage And an age sevene and hale. When machines shall do the labor of the strong arm and the final, Of the stout arm and the fail— Great machines perform the labor Of the good old-fashioued finil.

Bet when, blessed among women, And when, benored among men, They look round them, can the brit Of their utmost wishes then, Give them happineas completer? And can ease and wealth avail To make any music sweeter Than he pounding of the flail? Oh, the sounding of the flail? Never music can be sweeter Than the beating of the flail?

## Select Storn.

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER;

-OR-WHO WAS THE HERO OF SARATOGA!

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

It was the seventh of October, 1777. Horatio the nchness of Autumu ; the sky was cloudless, the foliage of the woods scarce tinged with pur-ple and gold, the buckwheat on yonder fields

it was a calm, clear day, but the tread of legions shook the ground. From every bush shot the glummer of the rifle barrel, on every hillside heard. biazed the sharpened bayonet. Flags were there, too, tossing in the breeze; here the banner of the stars-yonder the red cross goufalon !

Here in solid lines were arrayed the Continental soldiers, pausing on their arms, their homely estume looking poor and humble, when com-pared with the blaze of scarlet uniforms, reddening along younder hills and over the distant fields. Ah, that hunting shirt of blue was but a rude dress, yet on the 19th of September, scarce two weeks ago, on these very hills, it taught the scar-let-coated Briton a severe lesson of repentance and humility.

Here, then, on the morning of this eventful day, which was to decide the fate of America, whether trates should flee before Burgoyne, or Burgoyne lay down his arms at the feet of Gates, here, at the door of his tent, stood the American General, his countenance manifesting a deep

anxiety.

Now he gazed upon the glittering array of Burgoyne, as it shone over youder fields; and now his eye roved over those hardy men in hunt-ing shirts, with rifles in their hands. He remembered the contest on the 19th, when Bene-det Arnold, at the head of certainbold riflemen, carried the day, before all the glitter of British arms; and now-perchance—a fear seized him, that this 7th of October might be a dark day, for Arnold was not there. They had quarrelied -Arnold and Galge-about some matter of mili-tary courtesy; the latter commanded alone, and how would have to win glory for himself with

Gates was sad and thoughtful, as in all the array of his uniform, he stood before his tent. \*atching the evolutions of the armies; but all at once a smoke arose, a thunder shook the ground, a chorus of shouts and groaus, yelled along the darkened air. The play of death was begun. The two flags—this of the stars, and that of the red cross—tossed amid the smoke of battle, while the sky was clouded in leaden folds, and the earth throbbed as with the pulsations of a night, heart

surprise. stood, there came a warrior on a black be, rushing towards the distant battle. There

borse, rushing towards the distant battle. There was something in the appearance of this borse and his rider, to strike them with surprise. The horse was a noble animal; do you mark that expanse of chert, those siender yet singwy limbs, that saving mane and tail? Do you mark the head erect, those nostrils quivering, that eye claims with terrible light? Then his color—slaring with terrible light? Then his color—the reven is not darked than his akin, or the be raven is not darket than his skin, or the

"Hast thou given the horse his strength ? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder!
"Can'st thou make him afraid as a grasshop-The glory of his nostrila is terrible!

"He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men.

"He mocketh at fest, and is not affrighted; he mocketh he back from the sword.

The mocketh he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him, the glitter. ing spear and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the true. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and

the captains and the shouting."
But the rider presents also a sight of strange and peculiar interest. He is a man of muscular form, with a dark brow gathered into a frown, a farker of the strange from beneath the carker eye, shooting its glance from beneath the his cravat unloosened, exposes the veius of his bare throat, now writhing like serpents. It is plan that his spirit is in the distant battle, for neither looking to the right or left, noteven castling saids to feet. ing aside to Gates, he glares over his horse's head

hance on his grasp, but while the side, the fingers quivering with the same agi-tion that blazes over his face.
Altogether it is a magnificent sight, that war-

"Ho, Warrin-forward!"

Then that black horse—named after the friend of a soldier, a friend who is now alceping near in Bunker Hill, where he fell—darts forward with one sudden bound, and is gone like a flash towards the distant battle.

This brief scene, this vision of the horse and his rider, struck Gates with unfeigned chagrin, his officers with unmingled surprise.

"Armstrong!" should Gates, turning to a brave man by his side—"pursue that man! Tell him it is my command that he return from the field. Away! De not lose a minute! for he will do something rask, if left to hinself!"

Armstrong springs to his steed, and while the heavens above, and the broad sweeps of woods and fields yonder, are darkened by the smoke of the conflict, he pursues the black horse and his frider.

rider.

But that rider looks over his shoulder with a simile of scorn on his lip, a scowl of defiance on his brow. Look! he draws his sword—the sharp blade quivers in the air. He points to the battle, and lo! he is gone—gone through yonder clouds—while his shout echoes over the fields.

while his shout echoes over the fields.

Wherever the fight is thickest, through the intervals of battle smoke and caunon glare, you may see, riding manly forward, that strange soldier, mounted on his steed, black as death. dier, mounted on his steed, black as death.

Look at him, as with his face wet with British blood, he waves his sword, and shouts to the blood, he waves his sword, and shouts to the

clouds of battle. Here, over this thick hedge, ing from bursts a band of American militia men—their rude farmer's coats stained with their blood, Heights.

without its effect. The militia man turns, selices his gan; his comrades, as if by one impulse, follow his example. They form in solid order along the field, and silently load their piecees; they wait the onset of those British bayonets. "Reserve your fire until you can touch the points of their bayonets!" was the whispered command of the unknown. These militia-men,

so lately panic stricken, now regard the approach of the red-coats in silence, yet calmly and with-out a tremor. The British come on—nearer and nearer yet—you can see their eyes gleam, you can count the buttons on their scarlet coars. They seek to terrify these militia men with shouts; but these plain farmers do not move an

In one line-but twenty men in all-they con-Gates stood before his tent, gazing steadfastly front thirty sharp bayonets.

The British advance—they are within two

> shouted the red coat officer.
>
> They spring forward with the same bound—look! Their bayonets almost touch the muzzles At this moment the voice of the rider was

"Now let them have it-fire!" "Now let them have it—fre?"

A sound is heard—smoke is seen—twenty Britons are down, some writhing in death, some crawling along the sod, some speechless as stone. The remaining ten start back—but there is no time for surprise.

"Club your rifles, and charge them home!"

shouts the nuknown, and the black horsesprings forward, followed by the militra men. Then a of the twenty farmers grouped aroun

Thus it was all day long.

Wherever the black horse and his rider went, there followed victory. The soldiers in every part of the field seemed to know that rider, for they hailed him with shouts, they obeyed his commands, they rushed after him over yonder cannon, through youder line of bayonets. His appearance in any quarter of the field was suc-ceeded by a desperate onset, a terrible charge. ceeded by a desperate onset, a terrible charge, or a struggle hand to hand with the soldiers of

Burgoyne. Was this not a strange thing? This unkown Was this not a strange thing? This unlows man, without a command, was obeyed by all the soldiers, as though they recognized their General. They acknowledged him for a leader wherever he rode; they followed him to death, wherever

ne gave the word. Now look for him again. Now look for him again.

On the summit of yonder hill, the black horse stands erect on his haunches, his fore-legs pawing the air, while the rider bends over his neck, and looks toward the clouded valley. The hat has fallen from that rider's brow; his face is covered with sweat and blood; his right hand grasps that battered sword. How impressive that sight, as an occasional sungleam lights the rider's brow, or a red flash of battle light bathes his face, as in rays of blood!

rider's brow, or a red flash of battle light bathes his face, as in rays of blood?

At this moment, as the black steed rears on the summit of the hill, look youder from the opposite valley dashes Major Armstrong in search of that unknown rider, who sees hun coming, turns his borse's head, and disappears with a langh of scorn. Still the gallant Major keeps on his way, in search of this man, who excites the fears of General Gates—this brave rider, who was about to do "semething rash."

At last, toward the setting of the sun, the crisis f the conflict came.
That fortress youder on Bemus Height was to
e won, or the American cause was lost.
That fortress was to be gained, or Gates was

ine of British cannon, its forest of bayonets.

Even those bold riflemen, who were in the wilderness with one Benedict Arnold, who stormwilderness with one Benedict Arnold, who stormed the wall of Quebec, with this Arnold and Montgomery, on that cold daybreak of December thrty-first, 1775, even those men of iron fell back, terrified at the sight.

That cliff is too steep—that death is too certain. Their officers cannot persuade them to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even

vance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan—that iron man among iron men—leans on his rifle and despairs on the field. But look yonder! In this moment, when all a dismay and horror, here, clashing on, comes the lack horse and his rider.

is dismay and horror, nere, classing on, comes the black horse and his rider.

That rider bends from his steed; you can see his phrenzied face, now covered with sweat and dust and blood. He lays his hand on that bold rifeman's shoulder.

"Come on!" he cries; "you will not fail me

now."
The rifleman knows that face, that voice. As though living fire had been poured into his veins, he grasps his rifle, and starts toward the rock.
"Come on!" cries the rider of the black horse,

turning from one scarred face to another. "Come on! you will not fail me now!" He speaks in that voice which thrills their He speaks in that voice which tarties their blood.

"You were with me in the wilderness!" he cries to one; "and you at Quebec!" he shouts to another: "do you remember!"

"And you at Montreal!"—

"And you at Montreal!"—

bonse moves on, the soldier speaks to him, and calls him by name, and lays his right hand on his glossy neck.

"Ho, Warken—forward!"

Then that black horse—named after the friend of a soldier, a friend who is now sleeping near hunder Hill, where he fell—dark forward it the street of the street o

Now look again—his rider turns his face—
"Come ou, men of Quebec, where I lead you will follow!"

But that cry is needless. Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. And up and onward, one fierce bolt of battle, with that warrior on his one ferce bolt of battle, with that warrior on the black steed, leading the dread way, sweep the men of the wilderness, the heroes of Quebec. Now, pour your fires, British cannon. Now lay the dead upon the rock, in tens and twenties. Now-hirelings-shout your British battle cry,

For, look, as the battle smoke clears away, look there, in the gate of the fortress, for the black steed and his rider.

That steed falls dead, pierced by a hundred balls, but there his rider waves the banner of the stars; there—as the British cry for quarter—he lifts up his voice, and shouts afar to Horatio Gates, waiting youder in his tent; he tells him that—"SARATOGA IS WON!"

And look! as that short goes up to Heaven, he falls upon his steed, with his leg shattered by a cannon ball.

Look at him, as with his face wet with british blood, he waves his sword, and shouts to the legious. Now you see him lighting in the cannou's glare, the next moment he is away off youder, leading the forlorn hope up the steep cliff.

Is it not a magnificent sight, to see that nameless soldier, and that noble black steed, dashing like a meteor through the long columns of battle?

And all the while, Major Armstrong, spurring his steed to the utmost, pursues him—but in vain. He shouts to him, but the warrior cannot hear. He can see the black horse, through the lifted folds of battle smoke; now and then he can hear the rider shout:

"Warren! Ho! Warren! Upon them—charge!"

Let us look in for a moment through these clouds of battle. Here, over this thick hedge, bursts a band of American militia men—their rude farmer's coats stained with their blood, he had a seather the rider and with their blood, he had a seather the rider shout? The swants was setting over the field of the seventh of October—while the lift of the sound was received at the storming of Quebec; that rider of the black hoffse was Brenzbert ARNOLD!

In this hour, while the sun was setting over the field of the seventh of October—while the limits of battle lay piled in heavy clouds above the walls of the conquered fortress—here, up the steep rock, came Major Armstrong, seeking for the man who "might do something rank i"

He found him at last, but it was in the gate of the fortress on the dead body of the steed, bleeding from his wounds, that he discovered the face of Benedict Arnold, the victor of Benus Heights.

This was not the walls graph the bank had been the steed bank as the rider of the black horse? Do you not guess his name? Then bend down and gaze upon that shattered limb, and you will see that it bears the stars.

Who was the rider of that black horse? Do you not guess his name? That wound was received at the storming of Quebec; that rider of the black horse? The you not guess his name? That wound and you will see that it bears the sears of a

### Miscellany.

SHE KISSED ME AT THE GATE.

The moon was hid behind the hill— All nature seemed at rest— The birds within their nests were still, When up the street we press

Our steps were fast, but very light, For we were out quite late; But oh! the rapturous joy that night! She klased me at the gate.

The stars peeped downward from above, When in my joy I pressed My dearest Annie to my heart, That throbbed so in my breast.

What swelling joy was mine that night! And now our love is growing strong.

Repeating o'er and o'er,
The scenes that angels saw that night,
And many times before. We're loving still we're loving on-

## POINTS AGAINST BEECHER.

George Alfred Townsend, in a communication

to the New York Grapaic, thus sains up against Beecher:
Here are a few points against Mr. Beecher, sufficient in any mind seeking for the light of character to understand the cowardice his brother imputes to him. Every point he admits:

I. He advised Mrs. Tilton, "for her soul's sake," to abandon her husband, though four children were of that little family. Who was to protest than?

2. He went to Bowen the night after he knew 2. He went to bowen the ingularite in each of the from Tilton he was discovered, and demanded his expulsion from both his papers, thereby making Mr. Tilton a perfectly poor man, whereas he had but the day before, a certainty of \$10,000 or \$12,000 a year. As a newspaper writer, remem-bering this act, I would not shake the hand of Mr. Beecher for all his Bohemian earnings for the

rest of his life.

3. He went to Mrs. Tilton when he heard of writing a retraction, and sneaked away from that se with the retraction in his pocket. 4. He gave up that retraction like a pusillan-mous man from whom all vitality was gone above

the hips.
5. He has tried to make the woman be made wretched, contemptible and discreditable.

6. He accounted for loving Mrs. Tilton by berating Mrs. Beecher, which no susband whose wife had borne him a child should ever do.

7. He resumed his amative correspondence with Mrs. Tilton after Moulton had restored on the sucject.

8. He used a third man's mediation and

friendship to the last degree, and then, by the advice of certain criminal lawyers, called his savior a blackmailer.

9. He ran away from Tilton on the platform, in the press, and during the "investigation," having first stolen Tilton's wife and ward to be witnesses for him. He has used all the secular appliances, including a part of the press, to beat Tilton down, and "editorialize" the evidence, and throw dirt upon the proofs, all the way through; and pow he is taking care of his "throat."

The fact remeated.

The fact seems to be about Mr. Beccher that The fact seems to be about Mr. Beecher that he is a sort of clerical Steerforth (see "David Copperfield"); a person capable of inspiring belief; gallant in style, insincere, and set, when found out, still of tender memory. The idolatry his people are paying him has nothing in it that will hold. They will not, on subsequent thought, put their daughters to the frightful test of hearing a man read the word of God who will be looked at with one eye salacious and the other celestial. He has trifled with the precious relations of man, those veited from the priest or the friend; the ark of the covenant, the marriage-hed. friend; the ark of the covenaut, the marriage-bed. Having put his hand on that ark, Heaven smites

### GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

We see that seven members of the Arkansas We see that seven members of the Arkansas Constitutional Convention have refused to affix their signatures to the new Constitution. The clause from which they dissent is probably that one which makes the crime of being enchered on a lone hand merely punishable with a fine of \$50 and one year's imprisonment at hard labor.—New York Commercial.

Persons who do not believe in doctors are re quested to notice that it was a doctor who told Martin Farquhar Tupper that he mustu't come

THE CATACOMBS OF WISCONSIN. Wonderful Discovery of a Submarine Cave at Clear Luke, Bock County.

[Correspondence Chicago Tribune.] CLEAR LAKE, ROCK COUNTY, WIS., August 24, 1874.

August 24, 1874.

This beautiful little sheet of water is located about two miles from Milton Junction and ten miles north of Janesville, in the town of Milton. This gem of a lake is about one mile in circumference. The water is pure and clear. Green banks slope down to the white sandy beach on all sides except the western, where rough, precipitous rocks rear their heads some hundreds of feet above the water. A commodious hotel in a grove of oaks on the sast bank invites the weary and dusty traveler to its bed and board. Mr. Stone, who keeps the house, understands the wants of those who visit this spot, and none go away dissatisfied.

In rambling about the lake the visitor will often find relics of a race who once, long ago, occupied its banks in large numbers. Flint arrow heads are quite common. Stone axes and grinding bowls of the same material are sometimes picked up, while Indian mounds are seen in all directions about the lake avents at the proky side it.

up, while Indian mounds are seen in all direct tions about the lake, except at the rocky side; it was at this latter point that a wonderful discovery was lately made, in quite an accidental way. It appears that Mr. William Dousett, a merchant at Milton Junction, was visiting the Clear Lake
House with his family, and as the weather was
extremely warm he determined to take a bath
in the lake, as he had done a hundred times before, and for greater seclusion he proceeded to
the farther, or rocky side. At the base of the the farther, or rocky side. At the base of the cliff a wide natural stone projects a few feet over the water, which is quite deep there. Upon this rock Mr. Dousett reduced his appeared to robe decipher, and commenced his bath by plunging head-foremost into the lake. Swimming under water is a favorite diversion of Mr. D. while bathing, and upon this occasion he was coursing along the perpendicular base of the cliff about four feet below the surface of the water, when he discovered what appeared to be an opening in the wall of the rock. He arose to the surface to get breath, and diving down again sought the aperture, found it, entered it, and the next moment arose in a large and dimly lighted cave. Mr. D. gazed around the subterraneau cavern in astonishment; around the subterraneau cavern in astonishment; he was so overawed by what he there saw that he made haste to regain the upper air. The

clouds of battle. Here, over this thick hedge, bursts a band of American militia meat—their rade farmer's coats stained with their blood, while, scattering their arms by the way, they fire before yonder company of red coat hirelings, who come rushing forward, their solid front of bayonets gleaning in the battle light.

In the moment of their flight a black horse crashes over the field. The unknown warrior reins his steed back on his hannehes, right in the path of these broad shouldered militia men.

"Now, cowards, advance another step, and I will shoot you to the heart!" shouls the rider, extending a pistol in either hand.

"What! are you Americaus—men—and fly before these British soldiers! Back, and face them once more—seize your arms—face the foe, or I myself will ride yot down!"

That appeal, uttered with deep, indignant tones, and a face convulsed with passion, is not without its effect. The militia man turns, seizes follow his example. They form in soil order along the ield, and silently load their piecees; they wait the onset of those British bayonets.

"Reserve your fire until you can touch the points of their bayonets!" was the whispered command of the nicknewn. These militian-men, These militian-men, These militian-men, These militian-men.

The transport of the cave was so overawed by what he there saw that he mode haste to regain the he made haste to regain the upper air. The hew soft he most of him may be they do for him, the country, and yesterday arrangements were made by a company of gentlemen a Mil-touch length of him June defeat. He he made dont the country, and yesterday arrangements about the country, and yesterday arrangements were made by a company of gentlemen a militian men or him June heart of clock, provided with particular the per make a many from disgrace and defeat. He had defeat. He had the part of him June heart of clock, provided with everything necessary to assist them in exploring the cave the next morning. The party consisted of Mr. Dosett, Mr. Doset, Mr. Doset, Mr. Doset, Mr. D tweive or litteen teet. On several of these shelves were laid the skeletons of human beings, the skulls grinning ghastly at those who, undoubtedly, were the first to disturb the long repose of the sleepers. On the north wall were rule engravings of beasts, fishes, birds, and reptiles. The floor was scattered over with various atous and finit implements, and here and there a small pile of charcoal. When the party had finished their receivables the light was extinguished. At in the roof were seen which admitted taint rays
of daylight. Securing a few relies the party
stepped down through the door, and springing
forward arose to the surface of the lake, from
which they easily regained the shelving rock
where they had left their clothing, which they
put on and repaired to the Clear Lake House, to
recount the result of their explorations to a great
crowd which had gathered there for the purpose

of hearing the story.

I understand that it is the intention of the proprietor of the hotel here to construct a kind of coffer dam at the entrance of the submarine new, but few persons will dare to undertake the entrance, but with facilities for a safe and easy admission to this wonderful cariosity, thousands must be led to gratify their desire to inspect it.

### CHRISTIAN ROUGHS.

According to all accounts, the scene at Plymouth Church on Friday evening last, when Francis D. Moniton left the place, came very near being of violence. Here is an account published on Saturday morning:

"Three policemen surrounded him, and he passed into the hall, and as he went out hisses, jeers, and insults were hurled after him. He moved steadily along, without a word. Three ladies near the door, stood on the seats, and said harsh things as Moniton went by.

"Rush him! rush him!" was the cry followed after him.

after him.

One lady hissed out "Iago!"

"Along the dark cloisterway into the dusty road the excited crowd pushed, Moulton at its head. The policemen protected him, and held their clubs against the pressing throng. Two or three men tried to lay their hands on the unpopular merchant. He jumped into his carriage and the horses were whipped.

"He made a leap, struck the carriage step, and crawled in through the open window, and after him.

and crawled in through the open window, and in a cloud of dust the horses turned into Henry

Street.

"A hooting, yelling crowd ran after him, but were distanced." The Tribune of yesterday has the following

"Members of Plymouth Church did not speak with pride concerning the remarkable tumult in the meeting, but cast the blame on Mr. Moulton, who, they said, had no right to vote at the meetwho, they said, had no right to vote at the meeting, as he was not a member of the church, nor
of Plymouth Society as an organized body, and
some declared that Mr. Moulton's object in coming could only have been to stir up trouble and
disorder. They also claimed that the members
of the church were mainly in the body of the
house, and that most of the uproar proceeded
from the galleries, although the excitement and
confusion ever-where were intense."

Here is the account of the same scene, which appeared in yesterday's Sus:

"Moulton's appearance stirred all the latent hate for him, and the jibes, jeers, and insults were the only form in which the church members could appropriately express their feeling. The presence of the police, many said, saved a scene that would have blotted the record of any great body. A well known member of Mr. Beecher's church said to a reporter on Saturday: "Mr. Moulton may consider himself a lucky man to have escaped with his life, for good breeding alone prevented many men from striking him."

"In the rush of action that followed the calling of Mr. Raymond a liar, there were many details unnoticed. Several gentlemen who stood in the forward part of the house put their hands on their pistols, and one man standing near Moulton took his pistol out of his inside pocket and rested it beneath his vest, the handle peeping out from behind the lappels."

"However natural the action of those persons may have been, and however snited to the development of the supposers and the second of the second.

However natural the action of those persons may have been, and however suited to the depraved and suregenerate heart of unconverted man, it does not comport with the character of evangelical church members. We fear if these are genuine lambs of the Plymouth Church flock, it must be confessed that for the time being they put on the nature of ravening wolves. Because they think Moulton a great rascal, have they a right to mob him in church, and to carry pistols for use against him t—X. Y. San.

A New York anctioneer says that twenty-five years' experience has convinced him that people are willing to pay as much for old things at auc-tion as new things would cost at the store.

THE DEAR OLD HOUSE. BT WESTBY GIBSON,

The dear old house of childhood's happy days,
I see its soft embowered walls once more!
With reverent feet I tread the garden ways,
And, linger with the flawers, as oft before.
I gently put aside the jasmine sprays,
And pluck a dewy woodbine-flower that strays
Lovingly by the door:
And oh! the memories that quickly rise,
To flash my cheek, and cloud my yearning eyesFond memories of the strong, enduring ties,
That bind me ever to the dear old house
Of days of yore!

Well may these happy recollections thrill
With such a wondrom power to my heart's core,
Since I with faltering feet linger still
A little while upon life a dwarty shore.
Dear faces, coming at their own awest will,
Throng the old house, and every corner fill
With light and love once more.
Now, little feet seem pattering up the stair—
And now! I casch a gimpse of samp hair:
Then white hands becken from a fireside chair;
Ab, me; what spirits hannt this dear old house Ab, me! what spirits hannt this dear old hous Of days of yore? These memories of my childhood's happy days,
Like the sweet light of meming soon are e'er;
A voice I know not, speaks—a stranger's gaze
Watches and wanders from the open door.
Still the green jasmine spreads its starry sprays,
And children gamios in the garden ways.
But foud hands clasp my wither'd hands no more.
All! all! are gone—the guntle and the dear!
Of all my race, I, only, linger here:
Carcless how soon I in the churchyard near,
Rest with the loved ones of the dear old house
Of days of yore!

## AN IMPORTANT FIND OF HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

Mr. Bancroft and his wife sail for New York today. His London visit has been, I hear, a pleas-ant one to him, and it has brought him one val-nable contribution to his history—nothing less than a "find" of important original manuscripts. It was not, however, Mr. Baucroft who found them. It happened some time since that a young Englishman of rank, the second son of the late head of a wealthy and famous family, conceived the notion of writing the life of one of his aneestors. Here you see an incidental advantage of that remarkable institution known ar primogenthat remarkable institution known ar primogen-iture. If he had been the heir to the great estate which has descended upon his elder brother, he would have been too much occupied in taking care of his property to think of composing a bi-ography of his great great-grandfather. He might not even have troubled himself to go in for schol-arships and prizes at Cambridge, or to graduate first class in classics. Still less is it probable that he would have taken to radicalism in politics, or have cared greatly for any politics but the official sort. All these things the second son did. He have cared greatly for any politics but the official sort. All these things the second son did. He is known to the world as Lord Edmund Fitzman rice, is brother to the present Marquis of Lansdowne, and the ancestor whose life he had been writing, was that famous Lord Shelburne, minister to George III. of obstinate memory, and the man who settled the preliminaries of peace with certain revolted colonies, the independence of which was afterward acknowledged under the now rather well known name of the United States of America. To the family papers Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice had access, and in the course of his researches he came upon a considerable number of antograph letters from the King to Lord Shelburne, relating to the war of Independence, and the negotiations then going on. Most men, in such circumstances, would have clutched their treasure, kept it to themselves, and taken some pains not to let any hint have clutched their treasure, kept it to themselves, and taken some pains not to let any hint
of the discovery get wind. Most men, again, if
they had known that an emi-ent historian was
at work on the period covered by these letters,
would, it may be feared, have taken a grim
pleasure in letting him complete his work in ignorance of their contents. This is not what Lord
Edmund Fitzmaurice did. When he heard that Mr. Bancroft was in town, he called upon him, told him of what he had discovered, and offered to place the whole of the manuscripts in Mr. Banexamination, the light was extinguished. At first the cave seemed dark, but as the eyes of the visitors became used to the charge, soft twilight pervaded the room. The light came principally from the door, but some narrow crevices in the roof were seen which admitted faint rays in the roof were seen which admitted faint rays there is some dispute as to facts, that Lord Education in the roof were seen which admitted faint rays the roof were seen which admitted faint rays in the roof were seen which admitted faint rays the roof was in town, he cannot upon him. He had discovered, and offered to place the whole of the manuscripts in Mr. Bancroft was in town, he cannot upon him of what he had discovered, and offered to place the whole of the manuscripts in Mr. Bancroft was in town, he cannot upon him of what he had discovered, and offered to place the whole of the manuscripts in Mr. Bancroft was in town, he cannot upon him of what he had discovered, and offered to place the whole of the manuscripts in Mr. Bancroft was in town, he cannot upon him of what he had discovered, and offered to place the whole of the manuscripts in Mr. Bancroft was in town, he cannot upon him of what he had discovered, and offered to place the whole of the manuscripts in Mr. Bancroft was in town, he cannot upon him of the place the whole of the manuscripts in Mr. Bancroft was in town, he cannot upon him of the place the whole of the manuscripts in Mr. Bancroft was in town, he cannot upon him of the place the whole of the manuscripts in Mr. Bancroft was in town, he cannot upon him of the place the whole of the manuscripts in Mr. Bancroft was in town, he cannot upon him of the place the whole of the manuscripts in Mr. Bancroft was in town, he cannot upon him of the place the whole of the manuscripts in Mr. Bancroft was in town, he cannot upon him of the place the whole of the place the place the place the place the whole of the manuscripts in Mr. Bancroft was in town, he cannot upon him of the place the place the place the place the place the mund Fitzmaurice is an Euglishman, and Mr. Bancroft an American, each dealing with the same topic from his own point of view, it seems to me that the act of Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice was a singularly graceful and generous one. There are not many handsomer things is literary There are not many handsomer things in literary history. Mr. Bancroît accepted joyfully and gratefully; the original documents were sent to him, the chief of the archives office—I am sorry I don't know his name and proper title—lent him two copyists, and before Mr. Bancroît left town, he had accurate transcripts of everything of interest in the papers. They do not contradict or modify, he says, his previously formed views of the character of the King or Lord Shelburne, or of events, but they fill gaps and supply material for positive statements, in place of former conjectures and inferences. The discovery, added Mr. Bancroſt. was the most complete surprise to jectures and inferences. The discovering to Mr. Bancroft, was the most complete surprise to him, because the Shelburne and Lansdowne pahim, because the Shelburne and Lansdowne pahim, been thoroughly rannim, because the Shelburne and Lansdowne pa-pers had, it was thought, been thoroughly ran-sacked before. He bimself had questioned the inte Marquis as to the probable existence of let-ters from the King to Lord Shelburne. The Mar-

# quis had assured him there were none, and that none were to be expected, Lord Shelburne hav-ing been on very intimate terms with the King,

A Distinguished Centenarian. Few men may reasonably hope that their lives will bridge a century, and he would be specially foolbardy who would count upon attaining the years of Judge Basil Harrison, who, at the age

"To the island of the blessed, To the kingdom of Ponemah; To the land of the hereafter." In more than length of years was the deceased In more than length of years was the deceased remarkable. He was a nephew of President Harrison, and was celebrated in J. Fennimore Cooper's novel, "The Bee Hunter." Mr. Harrison died at Schoolcraft, Michigan. Hecame to Kalamazoo County in 1227, being the first, as he was at the day of his death, the oldest white resident of that County. He was born in Frederick County, Maryland, and, after divers changes of residence, moved to western Pennsylvania, where he ity, Maryland, and, after divers changes of residence, moved to western Pennsylvania, where he resided twelve years, having nine children born to him. Then he moved to Ohio, where in time, eight more children came, thus increasing the number of his progeny to seventeen, all born of one mother. When he came to Kalamazoo his only neigobors were the Indians, with whom he always lived amicably. His nearest white neighbor was at White Pigeon, thirty miles away. Always a farmer, he was also the first justice of the peace af Kalamazoo County, and one of the original County "side" judges. For over a quarter of a century he was a conscientions member of the Methodist church. Of hisseventeen children eight survive, and his living posterity, some of whom are his great-great-grandchildren, number of the health was always good notil within a whom are his great great-grandchildren, number 203. His health was always good until within a short time of his death, and his faculties, im-paired, of course, but still useful, were retained

A SET OFF.—The opposition papers delight in mentioning the fact that several Republican papers in the State refuse to give their support to Gov. Osborn. Well, the Council Grove Democratic, (Democratic,) the Ft. Scott Sentiael, (Reform), and the Columbus Journal, (Reform), refuse to support Cusey, say Osboru has made a good Governor, and express the opinion that he is better than the Philosopher of Miami. Considering the fact that there are about four Republican pathe fact that there are about four Republican pa-pers in Kansas to one Opposition paper, the four journals mentioned above are a fair set off to the

Ax invididual of a tentative turn of mind de-termined to test the boasted probity of the de-scendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, and accordingly fastened his packet-book to Plymouth Rock, with a notice that the owner would call for it on the a notice that the owner would cannot recover following morning. When he went to recover his treasure the next day, he didn't find it, but he saw several of the "decendants" sitting on the neighboring fence rails wating for a repetition of the joke.—Brooklyn Arguz.

The Junction City Union says: "A few truly good "Reform" papers have started the story that Tom. Cavanatgh is a drunkard. Our principal objection to this story is that it is a lie.

Mr. Cavanagh is now and has been for many MOULTON.

A Ruined Man, Socially and Commercially. [New York Correspondence Chicago Journal.]

[New York Correspondence Chicago Journal.]

So far as the great majority of the people hereabouts are concerned, they will continue to believe in Mr. Beccher, and to regard Moulton as a conspirator and betrayer. His own personal friends and relatives, while deoying that he played such a part, agree in the option that he has made a most deplorable mistake. His own father said the other day that Frank, in his friendship for Tilton, had pursued a course which he feared would rain himself. Of course, Moulton is ruined socially. No man who to get even or revenge himself (assuming that Moulton has not been a conspirator from the start) will publish private letters, deposited in confidence with him, can ever expect to hold up his head in society or among his fellow-men again. I have known Frank Moulton for some years, and have always esteemed bim a good fellow. While I do not feel like harshly criticising him, it is due to him to know that the public hereabouts hold him to be a soundrel, whether what he tells be true or untrue. He has already been removed from the Merchants' Cheap Transportation Committee. It is reported that resolutions are to be introduced into the Union League Club for his expulsion, and that a movement is already on foot to have him onsted from the Produce Exchange, of which he is a member. The Tribane of this morning applies very strong language to him, but it reflects the general excertation in which he is held. It is reported that Beecher's friends now propose to collect and publish immediately a mass of facts regarding Mr. Moulton's private life, which will show that he is utterly unworthy of belief. I know not whether there be any foundation for the report. Of one thing, however, Mr. Moulton may rest assured, if he has either in his social life or commercial transactions stepped from the path of rectitude, Mr. Beecher's friends will, if possible, spread the facts before the public, in order to neutralize his statements. The fact that Moulton has published this additional statement against the ed in previous letters), a very determined man. Fiery and headstrong, when once determined upon a course, it is very har! work to dissuade him from it.

#### A Reputation Gone Higher Than a Kite.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Mr. Francis D. Moulton, in his lawyer's plea to Mr. Beecher's published statement, devotes nearly nearly a column of his pictorial organ to convict the great preacher of untruthfulness in saying that he thought the so-called "letter of contrition," committed to Moulton in confidence, was "destroyed and burned up," and he produces me on the stand as his witness in the following letter:

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD CO., SECRETARY'S OFFICE, 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, April 2, 1872.

what he said Tilton claimed to possess—a written confeasion by Mr. Beecher of his adultery. I could not believe that such a paper existed. But Tilton himsell, on the night of the 1st of April, filton himself, on the light of the 1st of April, in Mr. Moniton's library, satisfied me that this weapon existed in some form, and was then in the armory of the conspirary. For when he earnestly and absolutely a ried that Mr. Beecher had ever been guilty with Mrs. Tilton, and said that the extent of his offense had been improper words or advances, he added that for this he

had ever been guilty with Mrs. Tilton, and said that the extent of his offense had been improper words or advances, he added that for this he held Mr. Beccher's ample apology in writing. It was this apology that I asked Moulton to get fron Tilton and destroy.

I repeat that Mr. Beccher never spoke to me of this document, nor in any way alinded to it, nor spoke of or alluded to any "confession" or "letter of contrition" whatsoever.

Mr. Moulton is funny as he looks upward and fancies he sees the "Life of Christ" going "higher than a kite." It is the misfortune of the blind that they do not see. If they did, he would see a once fair reputation going out of sight. The "Life of Christ" is permanent and imperishable property. It has been confirmed by the failure of a conspiracy to check the circulation of the Christias Union and to pull down its illustrious editor into the grave where rot the fame, fortunes and hopes of a brilliant fool who perished of envy and disappointed ambition. The reputation that is going "higher than a kite" is that of a trustee who has violated his trust. The trust he assumed to Mr Beecher was to protect his reputation against the malice of enemies. He emphasized his assumption of the included trust of papers committed to him, and his promise to "protect them with his life," by significantly placphasized his assumption of the included trust of papers committed to him, and his promise to "protect them with his life," by significantly placing his hand on a pistol in his overcoat pocket. The great lawyer who counsels Mr. Moulton could have told him that a trustee cannot at will could have told him that a trustee cannot as will discharge himself of the obligations of his trust. The cessae que trust may be ungrateful, may be definant, may be hostile, may most offensively de-mand of the trustee to strip himself of the rela-tion be assumed. But the trustee cannot take him at his word, and walk out of the relation, which both law and the interests of society make nualterable save by the terms of its c He cannot of his own motion discharge He cannot of his own motion discharge himself of his trust, nor can he get discharged save by the order of a court of equity and for causes that affect not the mere will, but the ability or fitness of the trustee. Mr. Moulton assumed a trust for the benefit of Henry Ward Beecher. The law of honor among gentlemen is as binding as the common law et England and America. Frank Moulton should have faithfully executed that trust till he died. The included trust to safely keep papers committed to him in comfidence be could have discharged himself by surrendering them to Mr. Beecher when he demanded them. The papers were Mr. Beecher's. They were not Theodore Tilton's. They were not Frank Moulton's. They were not the common fund of litt-Theodore Tilton's. They were not Frank Moniton's. They were not the common fund of littigants. They were not the assets of a dispute. What has Trustee Moulton done with them f He has converted to his own use every letter, every paper, every private conversation, every sacred confidence given to him by a troubled, weary, overburdened friend—has fashioned them all into weapons and bundled them up—and publicly walked with his larcenous load into the camp of Mr. Beecher's deadliest enemy, and from thence, with his own hands, discharged them in the enemy's interest against the man whose trust be had

with his own hands, ascharged them in the had my's interest against the man whose trust he had sworn to protect with his lite.

I sorrowfully say that Frank Moulton had better have taken his life with the pistolof his overcoat pocket, than have done this thing.

Samuel Wilkeson.

No. 23 Fifth Avenue, September 12, 1574.

The late Sydney Dobell belonged, according to the Pall Mall Garette, to the spasmodic school of poets, of which Alexander Smith and Gerald Massey were the only diciples. This trio used to be seen walking down Prince's street, Edinburgh, december of the services are in a common to the services are in the s

THERE is a tree in Florids, at Lake Harris,

of evenings, arm-in-arm.

#### MISSING.

One little boy is missing
From the village green to-night;
One voice of merry laughter.
One footstep quick and light.
Playmates are sailly turning
From their pleasant sports away.
For a durling one is missing.
They have no heart to play.

Ore little chair is empty
In a cheerful cottage home,
As swood the table gather
The immates, one by one;
And parents hombly kneeling
Before the throne of grace.
Panse with a solving heart-ach
Missing one upturned face.

One bounding step is missing.
As up the chumber stair
The little ones are climbing.
After the svening payeer.
And one small bed untumbled,
With pillew soft and white,
For one dear child is missing
From the angel band to night.

One voice has joined the choir In the angel song above: One spirit bright and beautiful Sings of redeeming love. Look upward, teatful mourner, And wipe your tests away, Though a little boy is missing From your cottage home to-day.

A REMARKABLE SNAKE.

What an Old Frenchman and His Son Wit-Lexington, Aug. 13.

On the morning of the 10th inst., Jean Lavarre, a Frenchman 44 years old, and a native of Guise, came to my office and requested me to prepare for publication a statement concerning a remarkable snake which he had seen on the 5th inst. at his barm near this town. It may be here stated that when he entered my office he was deeply agitated; his face was white as a sheet; his knees knocked together violently, and it was with the utmost difficulty he could sit in a chair. His statement was substantially as follows: On Saturday last he was hunting with his sou Baptiste, 16 years old. At about ten o'clock they stopped to rest under a beautiwith his son Baptiste. 16 years old. At about ten o'clock they stopped to rest under a beautiful walnut tree. He had not been seated a minute when he discovered a large snake, about five feet long, lying a short distance from him. It was unlike soything he had ever seen before, and he went forward to examine it, and saw that it was most beautiful. The belly was of the color of silver, with extreme delicate red lines running through it; the back was as black as ebony, with four wavy golden bands extending the entire length of the serpent. Upon close examination he discovered, to his intense astonishment, that the strange creature had a head at each end; the body slightly tapered toward the centre, where it reached its minimum diameter. Its heads resembled the head and face of a very young infant, and wore an expression of the utmest innocence; the mouths were clean cut and small, and by their expression gave evidence that they belonged to a creature full of gentleness and sweetness. At the crown of either head was a small, star-shaped thing, which glittered like a diamond. The creature seemed to be enjoying a calm and peaceful skep, and as he and his son gazed upon it with infinite dread, a smile of ineffable tenderness played about its MY DEAR MOULTON: Now for the closing act of justice and duty. Let Theodore pass into your hand the written apology which he holds for the improper advances, and do passit into the friendly fire in your room of reconciliation. Then let Theodore talk to Oliver Johnson. I hear that he and Carpenter, the artist, have made this whole affair the subject of conversation in the clubs.

Sincerely yours,

SAMUEL WILKESON.

Mr. Moulton strains for the inference he desires to establish against Mr. Beecher's veracity with this conclusion:

Mr. Samuel Wilkeson, Mr. Beecher's friend and acting counsel, could have known nothing of that paper except from Beecher, as I had never told him or anybody else save Tilton anything of its contents, and both Beecher and Wilkeson supposed it was delivered by me to Tilton, as it was intended to be.

If the nineteen columns of Mr. Moulton's pleas are as unsubstantial as the column he has built on my letter, his entire fabric will go to leeward it, vapor. I declare that I never heard of that "letter of contrition" from Mr. Beecher, that he improve the diamond. The creature seemed that they belonged to a creature full of gentle-head diamond. The creatine seemed this adiamond. The creatine seemed this adiamond. The creatine samall, said adiamond. The creatine seemed this dismond. The creatine stand and paceful sheep, and as mall, sand by their experies. At the calm and a calm and paceful sheep, and as mall, sand by their di never alimided to such a letter, and that I did not hear that such a letter had been written or was in existence till two days before the tripartite agreement was arranged. Then an acquaintance came into my office, and, saying that he had heard of my effort to estop the standerers of Mr. Beecher, warned me that I would utterly fail, if I did not secure the surrender and destruction of what he said Tilton claimed to possess—a written them with its brilliancy; the faces had the same look of innocence, the same infantine and pen-sive beauty. Lavarre was almost crazed at the sight, and again seized his club to strike, when again one head slowly raised and said, "Lavarre, beware! Strike not a brother. I have a communication to make. Hear it! Throw away your cold coffee pot and buy a 'coudenser.' It makes the best coffee. Beware!" And the head slowly sank to the earth. Then the other head

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of August, 1874, and I certify that affiants are respectable persons, and that I have no doubt of the truthfulness of their statements.

To prevent imposture, I had the affidavit of the old man and his son taken. I have no doubt about the story. I may add that the old man says that he had twin brothers who died many

A Strange Story.

Miss. Lydia Byre's father, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, lately wrote a letter toone of his daughter's lady friends in Bloomington, Ill., stating that Lydia was dead. She had been seized with illness soon after returning home from the Normal School at Bloomington, and died suddenly. It made much grief among the companions of the young lady's Normal School course. Several days later a letter came adressed to the same young lady of Bloomington, apparently by the hands of her dead friend. Opening the letter she found that her supposed dead friend had both written the letter and signed it. The letter stated that she had been struck down by illness, was pronounced dead, put in a coffin, her grave dug and the hour for the funeral appointed; but she was luckily not buried, for the very good, reason that she woke up in time to render the last ceramony quite unnecessity. She was very glad of it, and quite well again. She supposes that it was a trance that tooked like death.

COMMENTING on the fact that Maj. J. K. Hadson, Reform candidate for Congress, has challenged Judge W. R. Brown to a joint discussion, the Junction City Usion thinks it would be vastly more interesting if Maj. Hudson would challenge Marc. Parrott to a discussion of the proposition laid down in the Kansas Farmer some time since, viz.: that Parrott is a "drunken and retired politician." We would like to hear the "Reform" gentleman from the Third District meet the equally ardent Representative of "reform" from the First District on the vital issue.

Dernoir Free Press: Why these red eyes and this sad look? Isn't it enough to melancholy anybody to hear that Daniel Pratt had his back broken by a neck-yoke while trying to craw! un-der a circus canvass? Say?

WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY, the actor,